FURNATION™

Issue #10

Art, Stories and Music by:

Alex Vance, Bayson, FuzzWolf, Kadath, Necro Drone, Raziel, Ringtail Cafe and Sub-level 03!

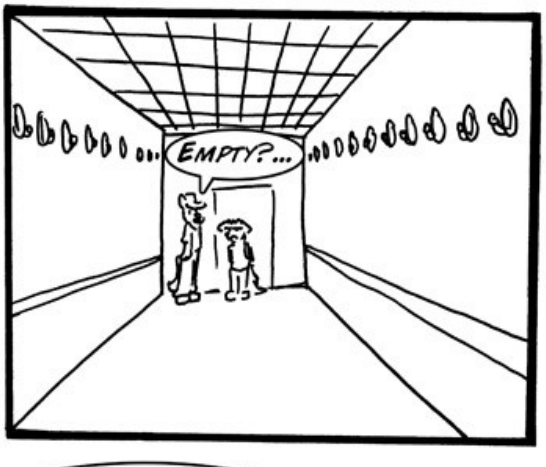
Mature Content. Adults Only!

There I was..
My first day at work..
I had no idea what to expect...
HEY!
YOU THE NEW GUY?
Yeah..
NICE TO MEET YOU!
I'M DALLAS.
I'LL BE YOUR SUPERVISOR.
..But I think I'm gunna like it.
Likewise!
I'm Tyler.

ALRIGHT TY, LETS SEE ABOUT GETTIN' YOU A UNIFORM.

HOWDY KELLY!
'ello Dallas.

HERE WE ARE.
Ok..well..
Where are they?


EMPTY?...

HEY! I GOT IT!

YOU CAN TRY OUT MINE..

...What?

Oh geez.. I dunno..
I don't wanna put you through any trouble..
I'll wait for more to come in.
Plus, it would be kinda weird..
..ya know?
?
DON'T TELL ME I TOOK 'EM OFF FOR NOTHIN' NOW..
Heh.. I guess I could try, huh?
GOOD BOY.

HEH..CUTE.

It's too big.
JUST A BIT..

BUT YER STILL A CUTIE!

Uhh..D..Dallas..

WHAT? YOU'RE GAY AREN'T YOU?
AT LEAST BI FROM ALL THE BLUSHING YOU'VE BEEN DOIN'.
..Bi, yeah.
RELAX TY..

I couldn't resist..
I wanted him and he knew it..
His hairy body under my paws..
I then lost myself to lust.
THAT'S IT.
MMM.. GOOD LI'L COON..

Oooh..Ty....
G..Good boy..
Use that tongue
on your boss... OoooOOhh..
Yeah! Bury that muzzle
in my crotch..
Oooh damn I'm.. I'm..

And that's when he finished..
OOOO

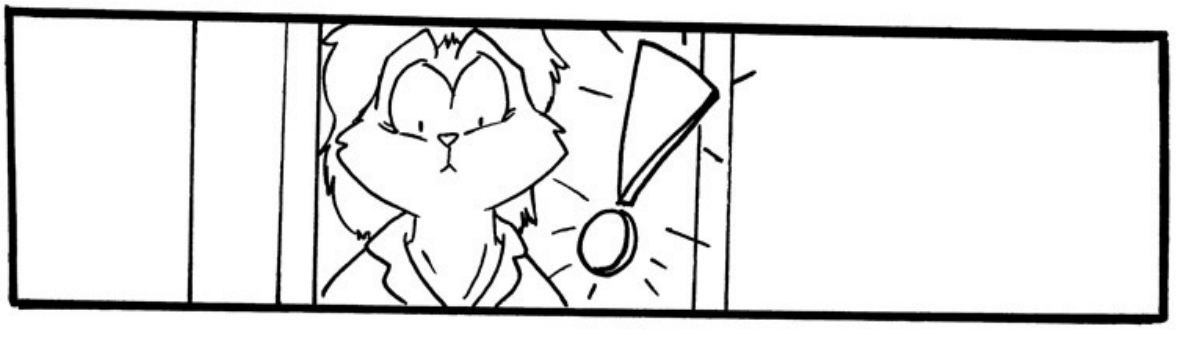
MMM.. THAT WAS GOOD..
Glad you liked it!
QUITE A SKILLED TONGUE YOU GOT THERE.
I've had some practice..
CARE TO SHOW ME HOW MUCH PRACTICE YA GOT?
Ok!

Truth be known.. I've never topped another guy before.

A part of me was uneasy..
While the other wanted to mate him..

You can probably guess which feeling I decided to go with.
Besides, it was just us. Two guys that liked each other.. Where's the harm?

Ah.. ahh
D..Dallas..
GRRRR...



THAT'S IT TY! GRRR..
POUND IT INTO ME!

It seemed then that time stood still..
My heart pounding in my chest..
This was my moment with him.
Nothing else in the world mattered now.
AAAAAHHHHHH...

PANT
PANT
PANT
PANT
HEH HEH..
MESSY LI'L COON.
Sorry about that.
NO NEED TO BE, CUTIE.
I THINK YOU'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE HERE LI'L BUDDY.
Just don't forget about my uniform now..
Just wait until the Boss hears of this little fling.

Pulled Over By FuzzWolf

Trevor drummed his fingers on his steering wheel, tapping and singing along to one of his favourite songs on the radio. He was excited about tonight, another little "date" that Sinclair had set up for him. His wolf friend had been really sweet about encouraging his newfound confidence when it came to yiffing, and had begun to set him up with some more compatible furs to play with.

He adjusted himself slightly, feeling his vulpine cock grow as he thought about what tonight would hold. He'd worn what he had been told to underneath, and had worn some extremely short denim cutoffs on the top along with a belly-revealing shirt with "Vixen" embroidered on it in glitter.

"Hmm hmm hmm, hmm hmm hmm, a friend who'll tease is better," Trevor hummed along, interrupted suddenly as he heard a siren and flashing lights filled his rear-view mirror.

Looking in his side mirror, he could see a hunking looking German shepherd stepping out of the car that had pulled him over.

Catch studied his clipboard as he approached the car that had been going just a bit too fast through all this construction. He looked up as he approached the bumper, taking note of the license plate again to make sure he got it down right the first time. He stopped for a moment at the bumper; he smirked a bit as he saw the FoxPride sticker.

With paws shaking slightly, Trevor unrolled his window as the officer knocked on it.

"Oooh," he said as he drank in the cop's body in his tight-fitting uniform, "Um, yes sir?"

"'Fraid you've got a broken tail light, not to mention going a bit fast back there, license and registration please."

Catch watched the fox closely as he bent over to retrieve his registration from the glove compartment. He couldn't help licking his lips slightly at the sight of the perfect vulpine rump in those tight shorts.

The dog sniffed a little, his nose picking up the unmistakable scent of arousal. The fox's musk began to make his sheath throb. He tried to ignore and stick to the matter at hand.

Soon, the fox was passing his license and registration to him. Catch looked them over closely.

"Trevor Fox, eh?"

"Yes sir," Trevor responded a little shakily.

The officer looked back and forth between Trevor and the picture on the license. He looked the fox up and down slowly; taking particular note of the bulge in the vulpine's shorts. Strangely, he thought the fox was looking at him the same way.

"I'll hold onto these a moment to check them out, why don't you pull into that alley over there so we're off the highway."

"Um…okay," Trevor started his engine again, looking over to the dark alley. He checked his rearview again, watching the cop's tight rear moving under his bushy tail. "Mrrr. he's hot," he thought to himself.

Trevor put his car into drive and headed for the alley the cop had pointed to. As he pulled into the alley, he peered out at it. He was a little nervous now; the alley was obviously old and abandoned. It looked like no one had come down here for years. All the windows on the buildings were boarded up; stray trash blew across the road. The police car pulled in behind him. Trevor noticed his lights were now off.

The hunky dog was approaching his car again.

"I need to ask you to step out of the car sir," the cop ordered.

“Okay,” Trevor timidly replied.

As he got out, the police dog told him to assume the position, leaning against his car’s trunk with legs parted slightly. The cop proceeded to frisk him. It wasn’t as Trevor had imagined it would be. The dog’s paws were strong, but gentle. The dog was almost petting him, his paws running over his body softly. Soon he was at waist level. The dog reached around, paws gliding over Trevor’s still-hard bulge, making the fox groan a little.

Catch stopped, feeling that twitching lump under his paw. He went back to it, and gave it a firm squeeze.

“What’s this fox?” he asked as he squeezed down, knowing very well what it was.

“Uh, it’s nothing,” Trevor stammered, unable to think straight as the cop squeezed his foxhood through his shorts.

“It doesn’t feel like nothing fox,” Catch said, trying to sound threatening. He was enjoying watching the hot, young fox squirm. He stopped to think for a second. “I’m going to have to ask you to get undressed now.”

Trevor spun around, “Huh?”

“Feels like you’re carrying something there, could be a blunt instrument so I’m going to have to perform a strip search. Just co-operate and maybe I’ll let you off with a warning.”

“Sure,” Trevor replied, smiling a little as he began to strip off his tight t-shirt, revealing his fluffy red and white chestfur.

Catch stood back to watch, a little confused. He hadn’t expected the fox to comply so diligently, but he wasn’t going to complain about it. The little guy was hot as hell. He secretly wondered how far he

could take this.

Trevor was now unbuttoning his shorts, he wiggled from side to side, holding his thighs together as they slipped to the ground. He'd learned a bit recently about the art of provocative stripping. Then he remembered what he was wearing underneath and got a little embarrassed.

"Oh, what do we have here," Catch stepped forward to examine Trevor's undergarments more closely.

The fox was wearing a very nice pair of black, lace panties. They were thin enough that they did nothing to hide Trevor's rampant erection. Catch got closer, putting one paw midway up Trevor's shaft and squeezing firmly. The fox moaned.

"Nothing, eh," the canine muttered as he began to slowly stroke Trevor's shaft through his panties. "Looks like you're a naughty fox after all."

"Oh no sir," Trevor gasped, "I'm a good boy, honest."

"Turn around, lean on the hood," Catch grunted, his voice now choked with lust.

Trevor turned around slowly, moving up to the hood of the car and leaning forward over it. It was lower here than the trunk and he could bend over a little farther.

"Good boy," Catch said as he pulled Trevor's paws one at time behind his back.

The fox sighed a little as he felt the cool metal around his wrists, followed by the click of the cuffs being locked.

"I'm going to have to give you a body cavity search, see what else you're hiding."

“Yes, sir,” Trevor moaned as he felt the officer pulling down his panties. He raised his tail invitingly.

Catch pulled a little tube of lubricating gel he kept on him for doing these kinds of searches. He used an ample amount of lube on two fingers and gently parted the fox’s gorgeous rump cheeks with one paw. His doggie cock throbbed in his tight uniform pants as he saw the vulpine’s tight, pink pucker. He placed his lubed fingertips against Trevor’s opening, the coolness of the lube making the fox gasp a bit, then thrust both fingers in hard.

“Awww, god,” Trevor cried out at the sudden intrusion. Despite the sudden pain of entry, his cock sprung to full attention.

Trevor looked over to the Shepherd’s paw on his shoulder. He had big paws, with thick masculine fingers. Trevor quivered happily, feeling fingers moving apart inside him, and he knew that at least two of those thick fingers were now deep under his tail.

Catch drove his fingers in deeper, spreading them apart inside the fox’s tight ass. He felt the lump of Trevor’s prostate and massaged it with his fingertips, which made the fox moan wantonly. He pushed his fingers in as deep as possible; the fox’s tailhole seemed to swallow them up. That’s when Catch knew the fox really wanted this, and he didn’t hold back anymore. He pulled his fingers out, leaving the fox gasping. Catch examined Trevor’s tailhole, and saw it was puckering slightly, almost begging to be filled again.

“I need to do a deeper inquiry,” he said as he unclipped his baton from his belt.

“Ooh, yes sir,” Trevor moaned lustfully, almost sluttily.

Catch ran his black baton up the insides of Trevor’s bare legs. He ran the smooth tip over the fox’s dangling white-furred balls. With a wicked little grin, he gave the vulpine’s balls a little tap with the baton. Trevor moaned at the sudden sensation on his balls, he could feel his cock shoot out a long stream of pre as his balls were gently tapped. Catch trailed the baton’s smooth, black tip up along Trevor’s sack, letting his balls dangle again, and slowly began to press the rounded end between the fox’s cheeks.

Trevor suddenly felt something different than what he'd been expected, something thick and rounded pressing insistently against his tailhole. He realized that it was the foot-long thick baton that had been swinging from the police dog's belt. It was so big looking, he'd never taken anything like it before.

"Wait, I don't know if I can-Ahhh," Trevor cried out as Catch started shoving forward, the two inch thick end of the baton slowly spreading him open wide.

Catch pushed down on Trevor's back as he continued to jam his baton up the fox's rear. The vulpine's tailhole had opened up nicely after a moment, allowing the baton's length to start invading his depths. Trevor was still crying as the thick tip continued to spread him apart on the inside. Soon, Catch had shoved about eight inches of the blunt object inside his captive.

Trevor cried out, his paws straining at the cuffs around his wrists. He squirmed on the hood of the car as he was deeply invaded. He felt his thick, foxhood bumping against the metal of the car, and knew he was painting it with precum. He was still raging hard, and despite the pain he knew he wanted more. His back arched slightly, tail raising high, as he pushed himself back a little, feeling the baton's thick shaft pushing slightly at his insides.

"More foxie?" Catch asked, a little amazed at Trevor's endurance.

"Yes…Sir!" Trevor gasped, begging for it with tears streaming down his muzzle.

Catch smiled and dragged the baton out till just the tip remained to hold the fox's wanton hole open.

"Here it comes boy," Catch stated, matter-of-factly as he began to smoothly thrust the baton's length back into his squirming prisoner.

Trevor cried and moaned simultaneously as the thick club was pounded into him. Catch was now pumping it hard and fast, the black shaft now slick with lubricant and fox sweat. The police dog slowly increased how much of the shaft he thrust into the willing fox, pushing an inch more at a time, going deeper and deeper under the fox's tail. Catch looked down and noticed Trevor's balls were pulled up

tight to his body as he thrust the tenth inch in. He wondered if Trevor could possibly cum from this when Trevor suddenly cried out.

"Oh yes, more, harder. Oh gods, pull my tail sir," Trevor practically ordered the police dog, who now felt as if he'd gotten into more than he'd bargained for.

Not that he wasn't enjoying himself of course. He took hold of the base of Trevor's tail with his free paw, squeezing it tightly in a powerful grasp. He tugged up hard and sudden as he pumped another inch deeper, opening Trevor up deeper than he'd ever been taken before.

"Ahhhh, yes harder sir mmm harder," Trevor squealed and shivered, his cock pulsing with need. Trevor desperately need to cum now, feeling more and more on the edge of a huge orgasm with every inch the canine shoved into him, his cock demanded attention as it throbbed almost painfully. Trevor whined, unable to touch himself with his cuffed paws.

Catch smiled, watching Trevor's tight balls and raging cock. The fox was extremely well-hung for a little fur. He wanted to see if he could make the fox cum just by pounding his sexy rear and if he couldn't he could at least keep him on the edge for a good long time. He pistoned the thick club in and out, back and forth, faster and faster as he pushed Trevor closer to the edge.

Trevor could feel it coming now, the familiar pressure building up inside him as he was spread open and his prostate was assaulted by the heavy pounding he was receiving. He bucked backwards, pushing himself farther down, humping himself back harder and faster. He moaned long and loud as his foxhood tensed up, his whole body quivered with ecstasy, and his full balls released their load. Long hot streams of foxcum shot up the length of his shaft, splattering all over the side of the car and on the ground. Just as his powerful orgasm was starting to wind down, the police dog reached around and grabbed his long, thick cock. The dog gave him a hard squeeze, squeezing up from the base all the way along his shaft. Trevor moaned as more cum was forced from his body, and he shook in pleasure as the dog teased him. He collapsed forward against his car, his muscles like jelly, and he was unable even to squeeze the thick invader from his tailhole.

Catch stood back, admiring his vulpine captive. The fox was shaking and covered in sweat, his cock dripping obscenely and his beautiful rear still impaled on his police baton. He realized then that he was still hard as a rock himself when his cock reminded him with a painful throb. He quickly unzipped his pants and released his canine maleness. His cock had already extended all the way out of his sheath, and his knot was already half formed. He grabbed the limp fox by the back of the neck and pulled him down off the car.

“On your knees, fox,” he ordered.

Trevor yelped slightly as the baton struck the ground and sent a sharp shiver through his oversensitive body. Catch leaned over and positioned the baton so it was firmly and deeply lodged inside the fox again.

“That’s it boy, you keep that in there good and tight.”

“Yes, sir,” Trevor sighed weakly.

He was tired from an extremely powerful cum, but was happy the night was not quite over yet. The dog grabbed his headfur and turned his muzzle. He opened wide as the hunky Shepherd fed his hard dogcock to him.

Catch sighed as he felt the fox’s warm muzzle around his cock. He was amazed at how willing this young vulpine was to please him. Trevor was now eagerly sucking and licking along the underside of his shaft. He began to slowly hump in and out of the hot, tight muzzle around him, feeling his need beginning to build already. Catch knew he couldn’t make this last very long, he almost felt like he would cum any second. Then he felt Trevor’s muzzle open wide and his lips gripped his engorged knot and squeezed down hard, imitating a tie. Catch grunted; surprised the fox knew exactly how to get him to shoot. He moaned and futilely tried to hold back and make the pleasure last longer, but soon he was pumping hard and fast, feeling himself getting closer and closer. A few seconds later, and he half howled/half whimpered and filled Trevor’s willing muzzle with his canine seed. The police dog stood and panted for several moments, trying to regain his ability to move as Trevor gently sucked and licked his remaining cum from his sensitive cockhead. He reluctantly pulled himself out of that wonderful warm, sucking muzzle and began to tuck himself back into the pants of his uniform.

“Good…fox,” he panted, “I’ll let you off with a warning after all.”

Catch staggered back, his legs now very shaky. His mind raced back through the events and he could scarcely believe he had done this. Now the little fox was looking up at him expectantly, licking cum from his lips.

“Um…yeah?” Catch asked, a little uncertainly.

“Well, if you’re all done, then uncuff me silly,” Trevor giggled a little.

Catch blinked twice before realizing what he should do. He leaned down next to Trevor, and released the fox’s bound paws. Trevor then stumbled to his feet as Catch made to walk away.

“Excuse me officer, can you help me with something?”

The once-intimidating police dog turned around, “Yeah?” he asked.

Trevor once again bent over the hood of his car and raised his tail.

“This,” he said, pointing to the foot long black baton still firmly lodged under his bushy tail.

“Oh sorry,” Catch couldn’t believe he’d forgotten his baton.

He put one paw gently on Trevor’s rump, and took the end of the baton in the other.

“Ready?”

“Yeah, just take it out slow.”

Catch began the slow process of easing the baton back out. Trevor groaned long and loud as it was

pulled out. He felt it pulling out of his body inch by inch, leaving a feeling of emptiness behind that he'd not felt since the first time he'd been mounted. After what felt like half an hour, but was really only a few minutes, Trevor's tail drooped down, covering his now empty rear.

"Ooh, thank you sir."

"Um, sure" Catch was able to get out before quickly retreating to his police car.

Trevor briefly wondered why he seemed so flustered. Then realized he was sitting in his car, naked, down a dark alley. He quickly gathered up his clothes, tugged his shorts on and made his way home. As he pulled out of the alley, it started to rain.

Catch radioed base and informed them he was leaving duty early due to illness. He went home and pawed off, thinking of the sexy young fox he'd just dominated. He'd thought he might get a little show at most, but Trevor had been a lot more willing than he'd have expected in his wildest dreams. He was defiantly going to be on the lookout for more foxes with broken taillights from now on.

Epilogue 1:

Sinclair's phone rang.

"Yeah?"

"Hey hon," Trevor's unmistakable bubbly voice came over the line.

"Hey yerself, how'd tonight go?"

"Oh, just wanted to let you know it was wonderful. The fur you hooked me up with really got into the part. Anyway, letting you know I'm home safe and sound now."

“That’s great Trev. You can tell me all about it this weekend. Still coming over, right?”

Trevor’s voice was half-chocked with a yawn, “Uh-huh, I’ll call you later in the week. I’m going to bed now though. Sleepy foxie.”

The wolf chuckled, “Sweet dreams, you naughty fox.”

Epilogue 2:

Across town a rain-soaked collie in a very fake looking cop costume was standing in a phone booth. His paws shivered as he dialed.

Sinclair’s phone rang…again.

“Yep?”

“Hey man, your fox friend didn’t show.”

“Huh?”

“Yeah man, I rented this costume and waited on the expressway just like you said, but he never showed up.”

Sinclair was so confused he actually scratched his head as he though, and then the operator said “Seven cents more for the next three minutes”.

“I’m outta time man, I gotta go. Next time you set me up with someone let’s make sure it’s somewhere warm. Laters,” the collie hung up and pulled his costume uniform shirt closer to him.

Sinclair looked at the phone as if it were an alien artifact for a moment before hanging it up and going to bed.